

## WERE BURIED ALIVE

PHYSICIANS SAY THAT MISTAKES OF THIS KIND ARE COMMON.

Fall of a Coffin and Grave Robbery Have Both Resulted in Bringing to Life Supposed Corpses.

New York Press.

Physicians do not like to admit that it is possible for a person to be pronounced dead by one of their number, and to be prepared for the grave while there is still life in the body. Many of them declare the idea absurd in these days of scientific progress, while others reluctantly admit that it is possible through the neglect or ignorance of the attending physician, that a person in a trance or cataleptic state may be buried under the impression that life is extinct. A visit to a number of physicians during the past week proved that there have been cases where persons have been buried alive, or pronounced dead and prepared for burial and come to life after several days of apparent death.

Dr. George W. Jacoby, of Madison avenue, the expert in nervous diseases, said that he had never had such a case in his own experience, but had read of cases which seemed to be well authenticated. He believed it possible that a person might be in a state of suspended animation and be pronounced dead after a purely superficial examination. He would not consider it strange that in cases of contagious diseases when the deceased is quickly buried, and during epidemics that a number of persons might be buried without being really dead.

Dr. E. Eltinge, of Vernon place, Brooklyn, who was himself nearly a victim of a careless doctor, told several instances of persons returning to life that had come to his notice. In his own case the doctor said that while a child he was taken with one of the ordinary diseases of children, and after a time, to all appearances dead, he was prepared for burial and the body lay in its death robes the usual three days. During that time no sign of life was observed by the watchers, not even by his mother, who turned out to see the child at the time that the body was to be placed in the coffin. When the friends tried to gently rouse the weeping mother away. She resisted, saying she did not wish to part with her child, and just as the undertaker was about to place the cover on the coffin, she broke away from those who held her and seized the body to give it one more embrace. As she pressed her lips to the cold face, the child she thought she saw the eyelids move. She cried out that the child was not dead. Friendly hands tried to take the body from her, but she refused to let go. Clinging to it, her breast, she sat down, calling on the child to look at her once more. After a few moments her little eyes opened and the child, seeing the face of his mother, smiled on her. The coffin and undertaker were shown out of the house, and the child that was dead and came to life was fondled and kissed by the friends who had come in sorrow to bury it. The doctor is now over sixty years of age, and during his long life he has never known a moment of unconsciousness except in sleep.

LUCKY GRAVE ROBBERY.

The doctor told an amusing incident that occurred while he was studying medicine. One night some of the students left New York in a boat to secure the body of a man who had died of what was thought to be a new disease. A student had been on watch at the house and had followed the body to the cemetery, in Brooklyn, to locate the grave. Everything went right, the body was secured, the coffin reburied and the body safely hidden in the boat. The body was placed in the boat, so that it might be easily removed on landing in New York. When the boat had nearly reached the shore, the student on the seat nearest the bow, who had watched the body from time to time over his shoulder, dropped his car and with a yell sprang into the water. The others turned to see the cause of his flight, and found the supposed corpse standing up and looking about in amazement. They did not wait to see whether it was a ghost or a live man, but followed their comrade making for the shore as fast as he could swim. The resuscitated man managed to reach the shore with the boat and was taken care of by some kind-hearted people until his friends were notified that he had returned to life. The affair was hushed up and the students were never prosecuted.

James Cummings, formerly a well-known dealer in bluestone, tells of a friend of his named Carney, who failed to be buried through the awkwardness of his pallbearers. Carney had had a long sickness and finally was declared dead by his attendant physician. The usual wake was held, the body placed in the coffin and the cover screwed down. The friends passed along the line, through which the pallbearers passed with the coffin, just as they reached the bottom of the steps, one of the bearers stumbled and the coffin fell to the ground, striking on the end. The shock broke it open. When the bearers stopped to pick up the body, which had rolled out of the broken coffin, they found that the man's eyes were open. He was quickly taken to bed and doctor sent for. After considerable labor he was fully restored, and lived for some years. He said that he had been fully conscious of all that had been going on around him. He heard his friends weeping and crying. When he was placed in the coffin he tried to speak or move, but could not. When the cover was put on he felt that he was to be buried alive, and tried with greater force to make some motion and prevent the fastening of the cover. Unable to do so, he lost consciousness and remembered only receiving a blow which brought him back to life. Dr. Eltinge believes that there are many cases where persons are buried alive, especially in times of epidemic.

SHE WAS IN A TRANCE.

Dr. Murphy, one of Boston's well-known physicians, relates two instances of suspended animation that came under his notice. He asked as a favor that names will not be used, as both parties are living.

"Mrs. X," he said, "who is one of my patients, is subject to cataleptic trances. A couple of years ago, while I was on a vacation trip, she was taken with one of these. A young physician pronounced her dead. After usual ceremonies the body was taken to a vault in one of the cemeteries and left there to be taken West for burial.

"In the mean time I returned home and was told of the death of my patient. I was surprised at first, but after a while the thought occurred to me that she might have been in a cataleptic fit instead of really dead. In the morning I started to visit my patients. Each one seemed to me to be Mrs. X, apparently dead. I gave up my visits and went to see the sister of the dead woman. I told her that I would like to see her sister's body, and she went with me to the cemetery. The superintendent opened the tomb for us and unscrewed the coffin lid. The woman was apparently dead. I was really convinced, but I decided to try a test and see if I could blister the skin. To my surprise and consternation of the sister and superintendent, I succeeded. We soon procured a carriage and, wrapping the living woman in blankets borrowed at a house nearby, brought her to Boston, after making the superintendent promise silence in the matter. For two days more the trance lasted, and then Mrs. X recovered consciousness. She had no knowledge of what had happened, and it was a long time before I would let her sister tell her.

Dr. Parkhurst's Suggestion.

If Dr. Parkhurst had been willing to receive tributes that had financial value, he would before this be in possession of a handsome fortune. He would not listen to any

proposition that involved the giving to him of anything that had financial value as a recognition for his service. He is placed in a peculiarly embarrassing position. He could not offend those who had in all sincerity proposed that some tribute of value should be presented to him, and yet it was with the greatest annoyance that he saw the daily press and knew by its private correspondence that such suggestions were being constantly made.

Dr. Parkhurst, however, was compelled to take formal notice of a letter sent to him and signed by men of such character and influence as the names of Seth Low and Pierpont Morgan suggest. He tells them that he does not want himself any formal notice or token and that he will be entirely satisfied if the work which he with others began is permanent in its results. He does suggest, however, that if there be a desire to recognize that work, a building be bought, properly furnished and made the home of the City Vigilance League, an organization which has stood behind Parkhurst for the past two years.

A SHERWD MOTHER.

The Clever Plan She Employed to

Marry Off Her Six Daughters.

Pearson's Weekly.

A fond mother tells how she married off her six daughters: "I did it," she says, "with the frying pan, a coxey and a cushioned chair. They are now, you have the whole story," confessed the lady. "I would have every one of those girls on my hands this minute if I hadn't found them husbands out of my cookery book. Desiring an old maid as I do a smoky chimney, when my eldest girl was full grown I turned right and left for some means of marrying her. Mary was neither very handsome nor very lively, so I knew better than to trust to luck. So I just set to work and determined on a plan that has never miscarried with any of them.

"All my life I have made close observations of man's ways, and have heard great stories of the happy results of feeding the sex. So I looked carefully over the field and picked out a pleasant, thriving young fellow, whose habits were good and his heart whole. I began by asking him in a friendly manner to call. Then I led the conversation around to his mother, the way he had been general. I never missed word, and after the first visit we got him to drop in to tea on Sunday evening. Then, you may be sure, I did my best, and when the second meal was over I knew the yearnings of that man's appetite better than he himself.

"My calculations seemed to believe it best to start toward the close of the year. Spring is no good. A man loves old womanhood at that season; his appetite is slight. In my experience courtships started in November lead, as a rule, to a wedding in May. Of course, my chief reliance is in tempting food, but I would always advise supporting his liberal table with a big comfortable rocking chair, drawn facing a cheerful fire. Speak of it as 'his chair,' and you won't make any mistake.

"Another thing—don't be too pressing. A steady eye and a light hand count more than nagging. If I had apple fritters on Tuesday I apologized for their pooriness and begged him to drop in on Thursday and let Mary redeem her mother's reputation with something of a sparkling conversation. On the evening I had her trained to sit in a low sewing chair under the big lamp and either draw books or do needlework. When she spoke of her I said I trembled at the awful blot it would be for us if she should marry and go away. This kind of thing was kept up until Feb. 1, when my gentleman began to feel easy and snug, like one of the family.

"Then came the delicate moment, for just at this point I would introduce some silly dandy that had been my son-in-law. He looked at me. But I coddled the youngster, had him to tea on the same night as regular, and waited to see what would happen. The ruse always succeeded. He and Mary would come blushing to ask if they might have each other, and while they made up in the parlor I looked my cookery book up to see my way to another son-in-law."

STRANGE EASTERN CUSTOMS.

Prominent Men of India Who Pass

Into Utter Obscurity.

Some five or six years ago the son of the late Rajah of Tanjore, a man some forty or fifty years of age, and of course, the chief native personage in that part of India, made up his mind to become a devotee. He one day told his friends he was going on a railway journey, sent off his servants and carriages from the palace to the station, saying he would follow, gave them the slip, and has never been heard of since. His friends went to the man who was known to have been acting as his guru, who simply told them: "You will never find him." Supposing the g. o. m. or the Prince of Wales were to retire like this—how odd it would seem!

A Parliamentary Proceeding.

Washington Star. "Miss Uppington," said the young man, "I perceive from your conversation that you favor a high protective tariff."

"Emphatically," replied she.

"On the other hand, I believe in absolute free trade."

"I observed that."

"You regard the income tax with animosity?"

"I do."

"While I am convinced of its benefits."

There was a period of silence while he pondered. Then he remarked, with hesitation:

"Yes," she answered, with the subtle rising infection which denotes encouragement.

"Don't you—that is to say, don't you think?"

"What, Charles?"

"That it would be a good idea if we were paired?"

"I am not sure."

"I am not sure."

"I am not sure."

"I am not sure."

"I am not sure."

"I am not sure."

"I am not sure."

"I am not sure."

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